



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 2037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

JANUARY 1988

Volume 31, Issue 01

JANUARY MEETING

The meeting will be held Wednesday, January 20th at the PIONEER SCHOOLHOUSE, TOP FLOOR, as usual, 3rd and Eagle Sts., downtown Anchorage. After the business meeting, a show will be presented by the Alaska Lung Association with slides of past treks.

MINUTES FOR THE DECEMBER MEETING

The meeting was held December 16th at the Kincaid Park Warming Hut and called to order by Vice-President John Baker, sitting in for Willy Hersman, who was working on the slope. The November minutes were not read. New members were welcomed.

I. COMMITTEE REPORTS

A. Training

John Baker announced that the avalanche workshop to be held on January 2-3 had to be changed to February 6-7 due to staff shortage. Members affected by this change will be contacted.

II. OLD BUSINESS

Some of the recently ordered maps are patiently waiting for their new owners, please pick yours up.

III. NEW BUSINESS

A. Proposed By-Laws Amendments were mentioned, details in December Scree, and in this issue. Club members are encouraged to familiarize themselves with these, for we will be voting on them during the January meeting. Being well-informed makes for shorter meetings.

B. An overwhelming majority voted to buy an ice axe for Mark Findlay, club President for the previous two years. Thanks for your dedication, Mark.

IV. ANNOUNCEMENTS

A. Pioneer Schoolhouse

Was cut from the budget by the new Mayor and may not be available. (We have been able to reserve it for the January meeting, however.)

- B. A prize drawing was held during the meeting.
- C. Mike Miller sought partners for a Flattop Northface ascent to reach the solstice camp site.
- D. The solstice sleep out was also announced.

V. MAIL

- A. REI informed us of a climbing instruction grant in the amount of \$5000, for more details see the December Scree .
- B. Among the many Trail and Timberline issues received from the Colorado Mountain Club one mentioned a suit filed against that club, threatening its existence.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Petty Cash	-	52.22
Checking	-	1286.97
Money Market	-	<u>4782.10</u>
Total Monies	-	\$6121.29

We had a great feast during the second part of the meeting, thanks to all participants. Also some nice slides.

Respectfully Submitted,
Pete Sennhauser

ADZE

****Note that trips in this section are not club-sanctioned.****

Nigel Young is looking for companions for a ski trip in March of around two weeks duration - flexible on time and dates:
Starting from my cabin on the Skwentna River, I would like to try and get into the Tordrillo Mts. From the Hayes River Valley. It looks possible on the map!

Roundtrip airfare: Anchorage-Skwentna \$70. Anyone interested can contact me at
Box 240534
Anchorage, AK 99524
before Jan 20th. And after that at
Box 2
Skwentna, AK 99667

I am out of state until Jan. 20th.

WANTED:

One 90-cm ice axe (for walking). Call 337-8666.

One pair of three-pin boots, lightweight, size 10 to 10 1/2. Call 276-0925.

PROPOSED BY-LAWS AMENDMENTS

I. PURPOSES

Delete the sentence:

Maintenance of a trained group to be available for technical assistance to mountain rescue.

IV. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Secretary: (e) To arrange for a meeting place for all regular meetings and the annual meeting.

C. Vacancy.

Add this provision: In the case where the President is re-elected, an election shall be held for an additional Director for a one year term.

D. Nomination and Election.

Add the following voting procedure:

Voting at the annual meeting shall be done by a count of hands to be confirmed by at least two members present. If a candidate runs unopposed he/she shall be elected by acclamation for the particular office. Each nominee shall be given the option of two (2) minutes for any statements they may have prior to the voting. If there are no nominations made for any particular office then the office shall remain vacant until it is filled by appointment by the new Executive Committee. Any member may vote for an absent member provided the voting member has written authority from the absent member. Officers shall assume their duties upon adjournment of the annual meeting.

F. Trip Officers. All trip leaders of any sanctioned trip organized and advertised by the club shall be given the position of Trip Officer. This designation as an officer of the organization shall be for the duration of the advertised trip and does not carry with it any power to vote at Executive Committee meetings.

VII. FINANCES

D. Checks. All checks must bear the signature of the President or the Treasurer. Checks over the amount of \$200.00 must bear the signatures of two (2) of the following four (4) officers: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer.

E. Expenditures. A majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting is required for any expenditures of the club, with the following exceptions:

1. Normal operating expenses, such as, publication and mailing of the club newsletter, fees for meeting places for the regular meeting, refreshments for regular meetings, postage for club correspondence, and annual or monthly fees incurred by the club for normal club business.

2. The Executive Committee may appropriate for small expenditures, not to exceed \$50.00 per month, by a majority vote at any Executive Committee meeting. All such expenditures must be reported at the next regular meeting.

IX. COMMITTEES

- A. 8. Training - Give the following purpose:
Provide classes of instruction to teach mountain climbing skills and techniques, backcountry travel, and mountain safety.

XI. SANCTIONED TRIPS

- A. Definition. A sanctioned club trip shall be one which is approved by the Hiking and Climbing Committee and advertised in the club publication in the Hiking and Climbing Schedule. Such advertisement shall contain a description of the trip as to its difficulty and special requirements and designated leader(s).
- B. Classifications. A sanctioned trip shall be classified as to its difficulty according to a classification scheme approved by the Executive Committee.
- C. Leaders. Leaders of any sanctioned trip must be approved by the Hiking and Climbing Committee (A simple majority.) prior to the trip date. He/she must be a member of the MCA and must have participated in a trip of the same or higher classification than the one being advertised. A set of guidelines and qualifications approved by the Executive Committee shall determine current club policy as to procedures to be followed by the leader(s).
- D. Rules. A list of club rules for sanctioned trips, formulated by the Hiking and Climbing Committee and approved by the Executive Committee shall be made available to prospective trip participants. Among the rules must be a requirement for all participants to sign a liability release prior to trip departure.

Hut Committee Meeting

The Hut Committee will meet on Wednesday, January 27, at 5:30 pm, at Simon and Seafort's, to discuss upcoming hut maintenance at Pichler's Perch. Anyone interested may attend. Jerry Minnick is the Chairman, 274-7389.

TRIP REPORTS

Peak 5232, Little Su Valley

Todd Miner, UAA
Alaska Wilderness Studies

For early season skiing most folks think Hatcher Pass. The snow falls early, often as primo powder, and the weather is generally calm and crisp. By Halloween ski hounds who just can't wait for skiable snow elsewhere will be up at the Pass playing on their boards. But too often we only think of the Pass and the upper valley of the A-frame, Independence Mine, and Gold Cord; there are other places! Fern Mine is out, unfortunately dominated by screaming snow machines and Reed Creek's boulder field is not suitable for skiing until late spring. What gets overlooked is the Little Susitna Valley.

The Little Su was recently closed to motor vehicles so it is a quiet experience, a growing rarity in the crowded Pass area. It offers a long, gently rolling trail, at times right along the river with numerous side valleys awaiting the adventurous backcountry skier. And no one goes there!

On a recent weekend three of us visited this pristine valley and saw only eight others the whole time; once off the main trail we saw not a soul. Our destination was Peak 5232, unclimbed according to the Mint Glacier Hut map. After a quick 3-mile cruise up the trail we carefully skied across the newly formed ice over the Little Su and, with only a smidgen of bushwacking, up the north side of Lone Tree Gulch. Camp was made on a morainal spur complete with views stretching from the Mint Glacier and its attendant peaks to the proposed downhill ski resort site on Government Peak.

Sunday we skied up and across the broad, gully-dissected slope on the north side of the Gulch to the moraine-filled bowl at about 4000'. A quick, if steep, ski brought us up to the pass at 4700 and from there Curt Kutil, Mary Iandoli and I easily scrambled to what might have been the first ascent of P. 5232. An exhilarating ski down, interrupted only by the breaking of camp, saw us back at the parking lot in less than three hours.

Many other trips beckon. Several passes below 5000' offer possible ski traverses into the little-used Moose Creek drainage. Souvenir Peak, a twin-summitted 5800+ -foot spire, looks like a challenge to the climber in any of us. Further up the valley Peak 5715 towers close to the river - it's the one which dominates the view from the Mother Lode and valley floor. From Lone Tree Gulch, Arkose Peak presents a dramatic ridgeline, belying its easy southern approach. And of course all the side valleys offer fine powder telemarking - now if I could just learn how!

So if you yearn to get those skis and yet hesitate to join the mayhem in the crowded Pass area, check out the Little Susitna Valley. Great snow, superb terrain, and a quiet wilderness - isn't that why we live here in Alaska?

The Hidden Valley of Mt. Cockedhat
(continued from last month)

stranger throughout the night as it has in every other night on this trip.

August 10

A cloudless sky says good-morning as we pack to leave for Oolah Lake and the lower valley beyond. Walking is easy over the short tundra growth, but the hills keep our pace slow as we make our way to the pass. The hills bend down as they pretend to hide--then jump up in front of us laughing as they make us climb.

Nonetheless we reach the azure blue lake tucked inside the mountains in good time. We rest here in the sun above the Arctic Circle on the Continental Divide stretching ourselves out as though we were on a tropical beach. Our bathing suits, however, resemble long pants, sweaters, and hats.

After almost two hours of this restful peace we begin our trek down-valley. We walk above the stream on the slopes of the hills. Our feet scream for help as they are forced to one side of the boot over and over again. The streambed offers some relief from this sidehilling, but then we find ourselves straining at the hillsides again.

Our old camp from the trip in has an early welcome out for us as we reach the site by mid-afternoon.

A walking stick, safety pin, and fish line join forces to produce a fishing rod, but to no avail. We finally admit that no fish with any sense at all would be this close to the river's headwaters. Our minds torment us more and more at the thought of real food after a good week and a half of granola bars, gorp, and freeze-dried. Even I, being one who dislikes fish, feel eating a fresh fish would be a gourmet's delight.

We build a warm fire on the rocks of the streambed and sit very close together. We say we are sitting close to stay warm, but in truth we sit close because we have become united in friendship--a deep friendship that was born of needing one another for survival and safety and a sharing of all activities during this journey. The end is close and we try to push it from our minds, that is until we think of food which brings an eagerness for the end of the trail.

August 11

A frosty ground in early morning is no match for the bright sun which convinces us to wear shorts and T-shirts.

We head down the streambed along the Kuyuktuvuk River. Here the stream hugs the bank, we are forced to the heaving and split ground that the permafrost upheaved. Water is held prisoner in sections that surround these lumps of ground by the lower frozen earth.

After lunch we head through a canyon that the Kuyuktuvuk claims as its own avoiding the high tussock covered ground we took on the way in. The river swirls from bank to bank as it chases us from one steep and brushy side to the other while turning our feet to prunes.

During one crossing Andrew's glasses are knocked from his face. The river grabs them and dashes them away refusing to tell us where it hid them.

We met the same friendly spruce trees that we become acquainted with on the way in and camp there again to-night.

August 12

Since our ride out will not make it up the haul road until late Thursday we decide to layover at this camp an extra day.

The sky is cloudless and the temperature warm. We climb out of our tents to wash in the stream, sunbathe, pick blueberries, climb mountains, and take silly pictures with caribou antlers on our heads.

I stand near camp and yet out of sight. The warm wind blows through my

clean hair that I washed in the stream this morning. My clothes are clean and others are washed and drying in the sun. Blueberries grow thick around my feet. Mountains stand tall on all sides as the spruce trees wave in the wind. Peace settles over me. If it could be I would turn around to do the trip again, but inside a sadness grows and there's a new lump in my throat. I would take the rain, tussocks, and heavy pack in exchange for civilization. Even the worst out here is good and the best is heaven itself.

August 13

The sun peaks at us through high clouds as we shoulder our packs for the final day. We zig zag back and forth across the Kuyuktuvuk as we look for the best gravel bars and the least brush to walk through. We are heading out today to our final camp by the Haul Road and the Dietrich River. Familiar mountains stand over the Dalton highway to lead us home. Then as we stand at our camp by the Dalton Highway we see the Wilderness in one direction—passing trucks representing civilization on the other and we are caught between the two.

August 14

Soon we travel into a land of more trucks, more people, more buildings with all the hustle and noise that men have created. But tucked away in a corner of our minds we will always have the memories of this trip which, when we stop to ponder the events, will bring us a bit of the peace and beauty we found. It will bring a sense of balance to our lives that will see us through the hectic world in which we live.

Karen Forsyth

Leader/Organizer: Don Sasser Hikers: Riki Lebman, Andrew Lebman, Jean Tam, Doris Curtis (MCA), Karen Forsyth (MCA), Pam Bearden (MCA), Linda White (MCA), Sandy Farkas, Jackie Marcus.

Kathy Burke

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

Twelve skiers skiing,
Eleven bikers biking,
Ten days all shinning,
Nine wolves a howling,
Eight topo maps,
Seven AMH gift certificates,
Six hikers hiking,
Five titanium ice screws,
Four nights' northern lights,
Three telemark skis,
Two studded mountain bike tires,
And a free trip to climb McKinley!

Jan 88

7

Story of the Bashful Climbers
Bashful Peak 8005'

Mark Norquist

On September 12-14 Rich Brown and I climbed the NW couloir on Bashful Peak. We were overdue returning and were the subject of a subsequent search operation by State Parks. Later that week an article appeared in the Anchorage Times in which State Parks Director Neil Johannsen made some grossly unfair and untrue statements about us. The story was refuted in a later issue, but I thought the climbing community deserved to hear the full story.

On Saturday Sept. 12 Rich and I departed from Anchorage under somewhat gloomy skies following the old Alaskan philosophy "ya gotta go anyway, it might get nice." We biked to the end of Lake Eklutna, stashed the bikes near the East Fork bridge, and hiked back the two or so miles to the foot of Bashful. We then proceeded to bushwack our way up to 3000 ft. where we set up camp on one of the long moraine ridges on the north side of the mountain. Note: the proper approach through the vegetable level is by going just to the left of the biggest waterfall coming down. There are a couple of lightly used trails going back to this point. We unfortunately went up on the right side of the waterfall and were confronted with a typical Alaskan bush nightmare - steep slopes covered with alders and devils club and infested with gremlins that would pull you backwards.

Up at our 3000-ft. camp it snowed on us fairly hard for a couple of hours that evening. The next morning was gray and foggy, but it was light overhead and calm and we were pretty sure we'd be in some nice weather after we climbed a couple thousand feet. We filled our water bottles at a pond in the middle of the moraine and headed toward the small glacier at the bottom of the NW face of the mountain at 9 am. Having been in this bowl two summers previous we were able to walk directly to the base of the NW couloir. The glacier is at 4000 feet, the entrance to the couloir a couple hundred feet higher. The route would exit at a saddle at the base of the summit cone at about 7700 feet, so we had 3500 feet of steep couloir ahead of us.

The cone up to the neck of the couloir was covered with week-old avalanche rubble from early season snow. Enough snow had come down the gully to fill the crevasse at the entrance to the gully. Gingerly we stepped across and things rapidly got steeper. I recalled looking at photos I had taken from Bold thinking that the bottom thousand feet of the couloir looked like possibly the steepest part of the climb, and indeed many of the steeper parts were. We front-pointed our way over numerous 70-deg ice bulges. Most of the crux spots were conveniently provided with large piles of soft snow at the bottom, and we felt no real need to belay. It was a great time, free climbing steep ice using just piolet and crampons! The conditions varied from soft snow to glacial ice. At 5000 ft. we climbed out of the cloud layer and had clear blue all the way.

Somewhere between 6000 and 6500 the couloir narrowed down to nothingness and it was time for a course correction. In studying my photos I had noticed that there was a series of connecting snow fields to the left of the couloir - this was, in fact, the way the couloir was originally climbed by Art Davidson (1965) as I would later learn. however I have always had a pechant for diretissima, and as we traversed left we entered smaller gullies that seemed to continue up, so that's the way we went.

Soon came the spot where I needed my one belay. Climbing ahead of Rich, traversing over to the next gully in the chain, I opted to follow a ledge on the near side of the gully, rather than descend into the gully proper. The ledge got narrower and narrower and hey! I couldn't go forward anymore! Sure didn't want

to go backwards! The ledge I was on at this point was about ten feet above the main channel of the 55-deg ice gully. Fortunately, Rich is an understanding partner and was far enough behind me that he could retrace his tracks to a point where he could climb down into the gully, then up past me. He set a belay, threw me an end, and I tied in and sort of rolled off the side of the ledge, twisting so that I landed on my back on the far side of the gully. Enough stupidity for the day - on with the climb.

At this point we were off the glacial ice and climbing this year's frozen snow covering the rock. There were a few thin and exciting spots, with the snow/ice cover only a couple inches thick over steep crud, then the angle finally eased off a bit and the last 500 feet was mainly just a whole lot of work. It was a little after 5 pm. It had taken seven hours to climb the route, which I thought seemed a bit slow, but then again it was one of the most challenging sustained routes either of us had climbed in the Chugach.

The summit lay 300 feet above us up easy snow slopes - it would have taken only a few minutes to get there. Unfortunately the clouds, in the last half-hour, had moved back in, and visibility was deteriorating rapidly. We had climbed the route, and there wouldn't be any view at the top anyway, so we decided to be "responsible" and try and make our way down, as we were expected back that night.

Our planned descent route was the SW ridge. I had been on the ridge before a couple of years earlier up to about the 6500-foot level in a winter attempt, and I thought I had a fair idea of what the upper part of the ridge was like. However, in the midst of the "pea soup", things were not as simple as planned. We muddled our way down, following, then loosing, then finding what we thought was the ridge for a couple of hours. At around 8 pm we knew we were definitely off route. We knew we were somewhere on the south flank of the mountain, and occasional holes in the clouds below us made it look as though there was a good possibility of descending straight down that side of the mountain to the valley below. We decided to try for a rapid descent, as we had no desire to spend the night up high.

We quickly descended a thousand feet down a promising snow gully, but came to an abrupt halt when it narrowed down and turned into a waterfall. It was obvious to us at this point that we would be spending the night on Bashful. We filled our water bottles at the waterfall and started to retrace our route, looking for any possible shelter. After about 500 feet we came to a small snow moat by the rock at the side of the gully, and decided that this was going to be it. It was about 9:30. By 10:00 we had excavated a small cave (a tube actually), thrown rope, runners and whatever into the bottom, put on all available clothes and wriggled in.

We lay face to face with no room to move except for small arm and leg motions. Never did sleep, maybe a few minutes here and there. Never was cold in any specific part of the body, just chilled all over. Shivered a lot. Out of nine hours spent in our hole, I think I probably shivered four and a half.

Finally the light returned and our long cold night was over. At 7:00 am we crawled out to be greeted by clear blue sky. It took about an hour to repack gear, work out stiffness and get our balance back. Felt good to get moving, though we definitely wouldn't be setting any speed records this day. Forty-five minutes later we had climbed out of the shadows of the gully into bright sunshine.

We retraced our steps from the previous evening back up to the ridge, indeed, almost to the place where we had exited the couloir. It was a relief to be

heading down in the right direction at last. The ridge is mildly challenging and we enjoyed ourselves on the way down, for it was a grand day to be high in the Chugach.

About 1:00 pm we heard the pulsating sound of a nearby helicopter. Figuring that it was a State Trooper helicopter looking for us, we stood on the ridge waving a space blanket and waiting to be "found." Finally, after about twenty minutes of circling the mountain, they spotted us. We communicated to them that we were OK and would be back to civilization that night.

The rest of the descent was uneventful, just lots of plodding along in low gear. At about 5000 feet we left the ridge and descended a gully on the north side that took us back down to the glacial bench. We ravenously devoured a couple of freeze-dried stroganoff dinners at our tent, packed up the tent and such and headed for the land of flush-toilets and hot water...

If anyone wants to see the related newspaper articles, they were in the Anchorage Times Sept 15 and 17th in Section B, and on Sept 24th in letters to the editor. In communicating with State Parks and the newspaper, I indicated to both that Rich and I considered ourselves responsible for any search costs and fully expected to pay for such.



Pedaling (Paddling?) Bird Creek

Kathy Burke

It was one of those dark cloudy days in Anchorage, so we loaded everybody and their bikes into the van and headed south to bike the old logging roads in Bird Valley. Turning the corner to the valley a sunny day opened up to us and we were glad we weren't wasting it. We got wet right off when the bridge across Penguin Creek ended 10 feet short of the other side of the creek. A quick ride, or push, up a rocky hill got us to the flat stretch of road that turned this mountain bike trip into "Aqua Bike Adventure" - Yee-Haa! Sometimes we go quietly into the woods and see wildlife, and then there are those times when we are the wildlife howling and yipping at the top of our lungs. What should I expect from a bunch of whacky wheelers! Actually our noise was nothing compared to the three-wheelers around there.

Along these logging roads are a bunch of Alaskan sized mud puddles; you know, 20-30 footers. It was always a gamble where the solid bottoms were and where the quicksand was. In the middle of one of those 25-foot long puddles, while I'm yipping and yee-, it occurs to me that this is the same group that thought up and carried out the Great Railroad Track Biking Adventure, and now there's one more among us. Oh my gosh, could it be true? The membership of the Banana Bikers Bunch is actually growing! I had warned the others to wear their high rubber

and Doris was the only one who listened to me. I teased her that her 4-inch high boots weren't tall enough, then later that proved to be true as she hit the quicksand and put her foot down and the water poured in over the tops of her boots.

Doris had never been to the swing bridge over Bird Creek, so we took that quick side trip only to find the cabin burned down to a square of black ashes and the swing bridge dangling down into Bird Creek from the other side. There were a couple of guys panning for gold down the creek. The road had gotten so gooey and mucky that our bikes weren't getting any traction, so we stashed them and hiked to the end of the road. There we found a great hiking trail and we followed it for half an hour. The trail was still in great condition and was heading up the valley toward Bird Pass. Have to come back and explore it another day.

Back on our bikes we took a side trail over to the road that comes out of Penguin Valley and found some more good lakes to ride through, the last one was the Grand Daddy of them all. We got a few strange looks from a guy who was trying to get his truck unstuck from that mudhole. My hiking boots, which I had not worn at all on this trip, were strapped on to the top of my rear rackpack and they were muddier just from the ride on this bike trip than they had ever been from my hiking in them.

I have come to the conclusion that this group all had deprived childhoods, you know, raised in sanitary houses, petticoats, clean faces and all. We grew up, moved 2000 miles away from home, and are rally making up for it. We all agreed that mud wrestling has nothing over Aqua Mud Biking! Wacky Wheelers: Doris Curtis, Mary Savage, Jane Stammen and Kathy Burke.

HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

Jan. 24

PORTAGE PASS

Cross Portage Lake, ski up to the pass and down to Whittier. We will make an attempt to climb Shakespeare Shoulder (3517') along the way. This will require some minimal glacier travel, and those who do not wish to climb may continue on to Whittier. Six miles to town, take train back (\$7.00). Pass is at 550'. Beacons and shovels required. Class A for the ski. TECHNICAL for the climb (glacier gear).
Leader: Willy Hersman 276-0925

26

MOONLIGHT SKI

Evening ski trip. Chugach State Park. Class A.
Rick Maron 349-3064

29-31 S. FORK EAGLE R.-INDIAN

South Fork to Indian ski traverse. This route parallels the Arctic Valley to Indian ski route, following the ridgeline separating the Ship and South Fork drainages for the first half of the trip rather than traveling in the valley bottom. 20 miles plus. Class C. Beacons, shovels, skins, etc. required. Leader: Rick Maron 349-3069

March

TAZLINA GLACIER

Glacier skiing and possible easy climbing. Fly-in trip to Tazlina Glacier in the Chugach Range. Glacier experience not required. Practice and training will take place prior to the trip. Date is not set yet, but will be late March. Cost will depend on the number of participants, limit 8 people. Contact leader early.

Leader: Tim Neale 274-4952

AHS Volunteer Work in Alaska

Chugach National Forest
June 20-30 and July 4-14

In case you didn't know the American Hiking Society does quite a bit of volunteer trail work around the country, including some of the trails which we use. This year they plan to be involved in two projects on the Kenai:

Trail reconstruction on the Russian Lakes Trail, for one mile, beginning two miles from the trailhead. Ditching, clearing vegetation, foot bridges, moving fill, etc. June 20-30.

Trout Lake Cabin maintenance, including new roof, new porch and 5 miles of trail maintenance on the Resurrection Trail, with waterbars, ditch work, bridges, and clearing of the veggies at about 7 miles from the trailhead. July 4-14.

Of course the Forest Service helps with supervision, equipment and food. There are also projects in almost all the western states; a good way to lend a hand.

If interested contact via mail: SASE to AHS Volunteer Vacations, Box 86, No. Scituate, MA 02060.